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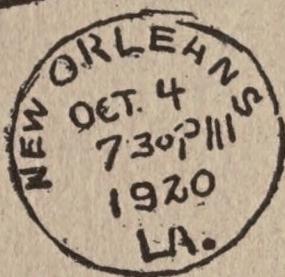
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New Orleans, La  
4 October 1920

Dear Bob:-



LEARN  
WHILE YOU EARN  
JOIN U.S. ARMY



To R.B.D., Jr.  
As You Were!

as you see, it's  
a Book of Verse  
by  
Wm. Bulham











*To R. B. D., Jr.*

**AS YOU WERE**

By

William H. Fulham



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Published October, 1920

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"Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular letter to  
the friends of him who writes it . . . . The public is but a  
generous patron who defrays the postage."

R. L. S.



Dear Bob:

You are expected to consider these verses as the things that a fellow would say returning from France. In fact, you may recognize in them a good many of the things you said yourself.

You are to think of him first bidding goodbye to the family with whom he stayed for a while. It will be a sort of new . . . .



## *Mizpah*

I've drunk your sparkling wine, Monsieur,  
And much in France has touched my heart,  
(And much the purse of mine, Monsieur!)  
But since the best of friends must part,  
Bring forth your cellar's priceless store,  
(So scarce upon the other shore)  
And we will drink one goblet more,  
Until me meet again, Monsieur,  
Until we meet again.

You, too, I bid adieu, Madame,  
And kiss your friendly little ones,  
And, believe me, it is true, Madame,  
I grieve that you have lost your sons:  
But they were brave, and death is grand  
When death is for one's native land  
And France, Madame! So take my hand,  
Until me meet again, Madame,  
Until we meet again.

And even love must part, Ma'm'selle,  
With all its memories grown sweet;  
Yet, be consoled at heart, Ma'm'selle,  
For, as the best of friends will meet,  
So when love youthful fancy grips——  
Well, Ma'm'selle, there are many ships!  
So to my arms, and thus, your lips,  
Until we meet again, Ma'm'selle,  
Until we meet again.

My comrades of the field, adieu;  
The brave cannot the brave forget;  
Go mark our love revealed for you  
In all the myriad crosses set;  
Nor is it alien dust concealed,  
That so enrichens honor's field,  
By which our friendship has been sealed,  
Until we meet again, mon frère,  
Until we meet again.



He is on deck now. In a moment, the boat will be under way. Brest, that is half in a mist, will soon be a memory. All France will soon be a memory.

So he says goodbye.



## *Leaving Brest*

Goodbye, O Brest, in darkness wrapped,  
Goodbye, O France, by shadows swept;  
We came when in despair you wept;  
We staid until in triumph flapped  
Your flags: our faith we kept.

Goodbye, O vineyards of the south,  
Where ruby grapes incarnadine  
Your leaves, and rich in promised wine,  
They stain the gaping winepress mouth  
With ruddiness divine.

Goodbye, O smiling country sides,  
With smoking chimneys through the trees;  
Sleep, peasant, sleep, to-night at ease,  
For in your borders now abides  
The quietude of peace.

Goodbye, O tall cathedral spires,  
Goodbye, O vesper bells at eve;  
O Ship, be swift our course to cleave,  
Appease my long unfed desires,  
My hungry heart relieve.

With home, with home, and only home!  
Goodbye, O France! A long goodbye!  
O faster, Ship, that when I cry  
Again to those across the foam,  
My own loved ones reply!



And one night, alone, on deck, over a cigarette, he looks vaguely in the direction of that France, hourly growing more distant from him. He is in an amiable mood. Perhaps, he has a good supper and said a few clever things that the others laughed at. So only the pleasantest recollections come back to him. He thinks, a bit whimsically, of Paris . . . .



## *As You Were, O Paris!*

Well, Paris is behind me now,  
With all war's queer alarms;  
I'm rather glad that home is home,  
And filled with simpler charms,  
For, by the spires of Notre Dame,  
(And by St. Peter's Dome!)  
The things I've done in Paris,  
I shall never do at home!

Now, London's not a saintly town,  
As guileless cities go,  
And Brussels is no virgin now,  
And neither is Bordeaux,  
And I've heard things of Venice,  
And a bit of classic Rome,  
But the things I've heard in Paris,  
I shall never hear at home!

If one possess the heart that dares  
The whimful gods of chance,  
When one is two and twenty years  
It's nice to go to France:  
Life has the sparkle of champagne,  
And youth's the very foam!  
And the things I've seen in Paris,  
I shall never see at home!

Now, Boston talks in learned tones,  
And New York mostly roars,  
And the darling of the South's patois  
My constant heart adores;  
And every city has its tongue,  
Wherever we may roam,  
But the things they say in Paris,  
I shall never say at home!

Well, Paris is behind me now,  
With all war's queer alarms;  
I'm rather glad that home is home,  
And filled with simpler charms;  
For, by the spires of Notre Dame,  
(And by St. Peter's Dome!)  
The things I've done in Paris,  
I shall never do at home!



When he was quite young, he used to go to Sunday School, and now at the age of two-and-twenty, man of experience that he is, he cannot help being shocked at the things he has done of which his Sunday School would disapprove. Especially in Paris! Had he never gone to Paris, he feels that his chances for getting into heaven would be stronger. But, on the other hand, there are times when he thinks that Paris was worth the risk . . . . Some day, when he is well into his forties, and finds it necessary to rebuke his eldest son, he will begin in a shocked voice, saying: "Young man, when I was your age . . . ." at that moment, let us hope he will have no recollections of the past. For how would he feel were he to recall, for instance . . . .



## *One Droll Memory*

There were four of us on leave in Paris—  
Two strangers, and Old Spike, and I—  
Our end was to sight-see the city,  
(And none of the party was dry!)  
We had wine, when we planned it, four bottles,  
(One was left; three fell in the line)  
But the four of us meant to see Paris,  
Four—and a bottle of wine.

Where to go? Well, one said, "Say, Fellows,  
Let's hunt up a homelike café."  
But the second one balked and insisted  
We were bound for a nice cabaret;  
I said: "There's a place, if we find it,  
I know of, that's well worth the search."  
But Spike cried out, "This is my party,  
And I move that we all go to church!"

"And not only one, but NINE churches,  
And after the ninth, make a wish!  
It's a custom I've long meant to follow."  
And he added, "I thirst, as a fish!"  
So we signaled a cab that was passing,  
And got in and explained the design  
Of the four of us on leave in Paris . . . .  
Four, and a bottle of wine.

It was funny as hell while it lasted,  
But I hope my folks never find out,  
For father, at home, is a deacon,  
And my mother is more than devout,  
And I'm rather ashamed that we did it—  
The whole thing was awful, I think—  
The way that we went to nine churches,  
And stopped at each church for a drink.

At the ninth, Spike said, "Now make wishes!"  
And one wished no farther to roam,  
And one wished a Turkish Bath nearer,  
And I wished that I were at home:  
And Spike—well, Spike, he was thoughtful,  
And at first, he would give us no sign,  
Till he wished, after solemn reflection,  
For another bottle of wine!



This reminds him that he has had, for one who is only two and twenty years, a rather picturesque past, and though he feels that the decent thing would be for him to be a bit ashamed of it, merely to think of it makes him, at times, rather proud. This, however, must not be admitted, for it is very probable that he will have deep remorse in the future, and deny that he gloried in his iniquities. At any rate, when he thinks of Paris, his thought goes also to other cities—Bordeaux, Nimes, Brussels—how many more?—and then to women, and, afterward, to one woman, back home, and then . . . .



## *Myself and One Woman*

I have gone with the women in Paris,  
I have humored each fickle caprice  
In Nimes and in Cannes and in Deauville  
And Biarritz and Marseilles and Nice;  
But I'm tired of the women whose laughter  
The flip of a coin will recall,  
I'm for one woman hereafter,  
Forever and over them all.

I've paid rather dear for the coaxing "Mon cher!"  
That I bought from the droll Marguerite;  
I am tired of Annette, and all that I've met,  
But one, who is constant and sweet,  
Who will love me forever and ever,  
And love me enough to forgive  
The things that I've done and the things that I'll do  
In the manner in which I will live.

For there're things that one does when one's twenty  
That soberer years view aghast;  
I have sins—well, I've sins in a-plenty,  
(I've rather a picturesque past!)  
But I'm tired of the women whose laughter  
The flip of a coin will recall:  
I'm for one woman hereafter,  
Forever and over them all!

Myself and one woman hereafter,  
For I've never known through my fun,  
(Tho' I'm past twenty-two, and keen for what's new)  
How novel it is to have one!  
I've taken my chances in all my romances,  
And marriage may be worse than the rest,  
But in life or in college, one pays for one's knowledge,  
So I'll chance it with her I like best

In the hope she will love me forever,  
And I will be faithful as well,  
And try to be friendly with heaven,  
(I've been intimate rather with hell!)  
For I'm tired of the women whose laughter  
The flip of a coin will recall;  
I'm for one woman hereafter,  
Forever and over them all!



Once, someone asked him to mention the engagements he had been in—his experiences and that sort of thing. Luckily, someone changed the subject, for it was one he hated to talk about, but afterwards, to himself, he mused . . . .



## *Engagements*

Engagements? O yes, I was in quite a few—

The Argonne and the Meuse—not all fun,  
But worth it, don't you think? And there was —  
Well, I don't mind saying I'm still in one!

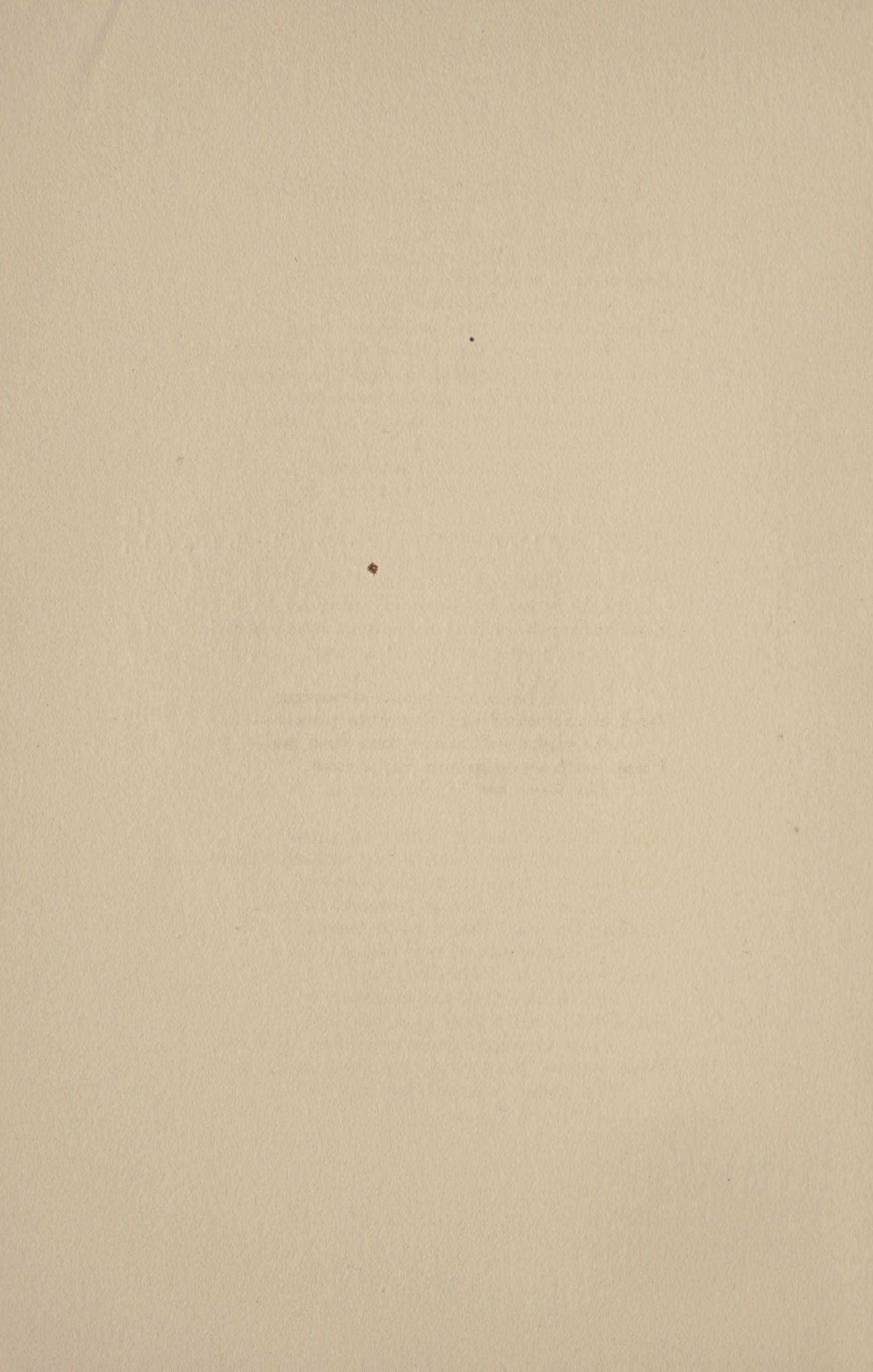
One with many charms!—her lips so drolly sweet,  
And all that matters in her eyes of blue!

Engagements? Yes—all ended right for me.  
As for this one . . . well, I hope . . . don't you?



It is after he has been cleaned out in a game of craps. He is rather dejected and his thoughts are very sad. It is a calm night, and there are many stars. He is on deck, and when he lifts his head to blow the cigarette smoke in a reflective sort of way, he remembers that there was many a prince of a fellow with whom he had shared such experiences going over, who is now . . . well, who did not come back.

He will be all right tomorrow, when he surveys a little mountain of blue chips that he will win in a poker game, but now he can think of nothing but . . .



## *The Boys We Left Behind Us*

And just a little year ago,  
The past year was before us,  
And so we crossed the sea, and so,  
Upon the ship that bore us,  
(Though many a lad so eager then,  
Whose eyes were filled with laughter,  
Now smiles at things that might have been,  
And views the great Hereafter)  
We stood and saw the shores of France,  
From such a ship as bore us,  
And tried to fathom at a glance  
The kind of death before us.

A little year has passed, and lo!  
France is there behind us!  
My heart is singing, Westward Ho!  
Where seven days will find us:  
Yet, somehow strange, beneath the stars  
Above me calmly gleaming  
My fancy each league that bars  
France from the vessel steaming,  
And in my mind sad thoughts persist—  
As night will some time find us—  
I see, with eyes grown all a-mist,  
The boys we left behind us . . . . .

And all the crosses, white as snow,  
And all the blooms that wreath them,  
And all the flags that gaily blow  
Above the brave beneath them,  
And all the stars that view in peace  
The symbols of our losses . . . . .  
And, somehow, I am ill at ease,  
To think of all the crosses.  
Ah, God, a little year ago, and lo!  
How changed the world may find us!  
Who knows how soon we, too, may go  
To those we left behind us?



It is when the Mayor's Committee of Welcome steams out into the harbor to meet the transport. The thought strikes him that he must go through the "welcome home" of many strangers before he will be free to see his own people alone. He groans at the thought, and this is what he would like to say . . . .



## *To the Welcome Home Committee*

I've sat and I've rose, and I've rose and I've sat,  
While the national anthems were played;  
I've saluted so much with my hand to my hat  
That I'm sorry Lieutenants were made.  
I think home is best, and I hope I shall rest,  
Far from the maddening brigade:  
If you're out to please me, well, just let me be,  
And don't ask me, please, to parade!

In London, I've marched for the King and the Queen,  
And princes and lords by the score;  
And in Paris and Brussels and Bordeaux and Brest —  
Now I don't want to march any more.  
All your flags you may wave, you may welcome the brave,  
And sing every anthem that ever was made,  
And be proud of my part—but, Oh! have a heart,  
And don't ask me, please, to parade!

I am willing to fight for my country, all right,  
And to do anything there's to do;  
I am willing to die, but, Oh! never do I  
Want to march in another review.  
I will welcome the brig, and new trenches I'll dig,  
Of the mud and the dugouts, I'm still unafraid,  
I could even find peace with the kitchen police,  
But don't ask me, please, to parade!



Once more he sets his foot upon his native land. He does not understand the feeling that comes over him, but there has never been anything in all his two and twenty years . . . . in all his picturesque past (of which, though it should not be admitted, he is proud) . . . . to equal this moment when he reaches home. There are bands playing. There are voices cheering. There are flags waving, and people wild with joy. He is tingling all over. When he explains this feeling to a friend afterward, he will confess that he felt almost as if he wanted to cry, which proves that he was, after all, only two and twenty. It was the greatest moment in all of his life. It was, in fact, the damndest feeling he had ever had. How glad he was to reach . . . .



## *God's Country*

Now many a faithful son returns  
From scenes remote in distant clime,  
And of his native land he learns  
That all the spectacles sublime  
Of alien shores in sod and stone,  
Have naught to match his own.

Anew he views with solemn pride  
The well loved land that gave him birth;  
He knows that many brave have died  
A death that makes it more than earth,  
That mingled in its precious sod  
Is something nearer God.

His vision sees, though war may kill,  
And death engulf life's teeming flood,  
The cradle that is never still  
That rocks the brothers of his blood,  
Whose great maternity is one  
With that which calls him son;

That man may climb life's shining height,  
And bridge its chasms fathomless,  
Or faint and fail, but all the might  
That flesh sustains, without the stress  
Of deathless soul and spirit fire,  
Is impotent desire.

For more than earth, his native land,  
Than heaving and the vanquished breath:  
Though he will pass and mutely stand  
Hereafter, life will match his death!  
For every dirge from sorrow wrung.  
A cradle song is sung!

Flesh wars with flesh, but God is just,  
And in the end, as ages roll,  
It is not dust that conquers dust,  
But soul that conquers soul;  
And that which makes earth more than  
earth  
Has in the soul its birth.

“My native land,” (so be his prayer,)  
“Let me be all thine own, as I  
Have claimed thee mine! To live, to care,  
To love, and, for thy sake, to die!  
For only so much as I am thine,  
Wilt thou, my native land, be mine!”

## AVE ET VALE

### *Processional: The Brave Returning.*

No more you start when bugles blow,  
Nor fear war's grim caprice;  
And though life ends, you will not know  
The soldier's swift release:  
From fields death reaped henceforth you go  
Into the paths of peace.

For you, a sweeter music charms  
Than bugles ever knew—  
The voice that not all war's alarms  
Could keep from reaching you—  
And yours the refuge of dear arms,  
And tender hearts and true.

Out of a stern night's fateful black,  
Where men grow mad and slay,  
You come from death's field marching back,  
And, God be thanked! the way  
You enter now from war's shorn track  
Leads to a nobler day.

Into the paths of peace you march,  
O brave, with fearless stride,  
Under the flying flags that arch  
Your way, and shining-eyed,  
You keep aflame the kindled torch  
Lit by the brave who died.

## *Recessional: The Unreturning*

The last rich note of bugle fails,  
And fainter grows the steady tread  
Of marching troops; the distance veils  
The banners flaunting over head;  
And lo! as when a dream prevails,  
I see the legions of the dead!

In silence, from dominions vast  
The unreturning ones go by;  
Fame, from the ashes of the past,  
An everlasting flame, leaps high:  
Fast as they fell, they rose as fast  
To meet the dead that do not die.

Be not too mournful, hungry heart:  
If they upon the long, long roll  
Have burned their names with timeless art,  
How can they die on love's great scroll?  
And though they move in spheres apart,  
Death is not master of the soul!

For them, an endless truce is sealed,  
And life, like some young star, has set;  
Their epic glows on Honor's Field  
With deeds not ages will forget;  
And that Hereafter death revealed  
Has peace the living never met.

## *Rupert Brooke*

He leapt, rich-voiced, he touched the silver lute,  
And all the teeming world about surveyed;  
He found his theme, but scarce a fragment played,  
When, Lords of War, you struck the singer mute:

Not that war claimed him one of its long toll,  
Not for his flesh, nor youth too early sealed,  
I mourn, but for that spirit, half revealed,  
Of deathless song that quickened in his soul!

Half bitter on this all too somber thing  
I gravely look with undivining eyes,  
And all I know, as wrapped in earth he lies,  
Death triumphed as his heart went challenging . . . . .

Oh, that my grief were marble, that the years  
Might read the epitaph I write in tears.

## *A Lady Goes to Quantico*

When I went down to Quantico,  
(The Barracks of the brave Marines)  
My heart was free as winds that blow  
In springtime through those lovely scenes;  
I watched the brave lads marching by,  
I heard the bugle's stirring note,  
And strange tears gathered in my eye,  
And little sobs came in my throat.

When I came back from Quantico,  
I felt a sense of things forgot,  
A startled, sweet alarm, as tho'  
I'd left some thing in that fair spot:  
I mused: my purse, my parasol?  
No, they were here; my brooch—I know!  
And then, a droll surprise it came—  
I'd left my heart in Quantico!

I'd left my heart in Quantico,  
And yet at my own loss, I smile,  
And feel a sense of new joys grow,  
To think within a little while,  
(And how I tremble at the thought!)  
Because—you see—that is—I know  
That I shall find another heart,  
When I go back to Quantico!

## *Moonlight on the Capitol* (Washington)

**Moonlight on the Capitol—**  
A young moon kindling slow—  
And Freedom mounted on the Dome,  
Half silver in the glow,  
Against the gleam of scattered stars,  
Looks on the world below.

**Moonlight on the Capitol—**  
And calmly Freedom waits;  
She faces east, as though her eye,  
Far seeing, contemplates  
A greater glory in the dawn  
For her beloved States.

Her eyes far seeing! Eyes that see  
Across the mist and foam,  
A scene that brings another mist,  
To think that far from home,  
Her sons face death tonight that she  
May stand upon the Dome.

**Moonlight on the Capitol!**  
O young moon's tender light,  
To think that you so innocent,  
So chaste, must look to-night  
On flaming fields where War and Death  
Youth's requiem will write.

O sweet moon on the Capitol,  
If you but wept, your eyes  
Were rich with shining tears to see  
How sad youth is that dies . . . .  
Even as my own, to view  
War's lavish sacrifice.

Yet, not to weep, for stuff more stern  
Than tears must guide my hand:  
Exult, O heart of mine, that though  
They perish for their land,  
They fall that Freedom on her heights  
Fetterless may stand!

## *Requiem*

Lo, when the pigeon-breasted sky grows dim  
With twilight lilac-lit, and on the rim  
    Of earth beyond the west, the sun drops low,  
I consecrate that quiet hour to him  
    Who was my friend, in memory of the glow  
    Of lilac eves that shimmered long ago,  
When we dreamed not that death's dividing dark  
    Would cleave our ways. How sweet would be to know,  
Friend, O my friend, in some Elysian park  
    With the rich dead at twilight, that you mark  
    The kindling stars, and think of me behind,  
Whose thoughts are all of you! . . . . to know the spark  
    Of love, death quenches not, and oh! to find,  
    In dreams of you, the peace of hearts resigned.

## *The Somber Wanderer*

I am a somber wanderer;  
I am not moved by buds a-bloom;  
I hold great sorrows more than dear,  
My dwelling is a place of gloom:  
I walked the garden of the world,  
Where "Youth" was written on the gate,  
And many a petaled rose uncurled,  
And lilies bloomed immaculate;  
I saw Youth dance, and Love danced, too,  
As keen came spring's enchanting breath,  
They jested at me, passing through,  
They did not know that I was Death.

I walked the garden of the world,  
Above me burned a scarlet star,  
And martial challenges were hurled,  
And of this challenging came war.  
The war has been a friend to me,  
(There are not many friends of Death)  
It showed Youth's buds and left me free  
To chill their fragrance with my breath;  
I sought the fairest of the fair  
In seeking youth, and I brought doom;  
I am a somber wanderer,  
I am not moved by buds a-bloom.

The faded blooms, I passed them by,  
The withered stalks, I touched them not,  
Only the fairest flowers sought I,  
The fairest flowers that earth begot;  
Youth paused mid-dance, and Love took flight,  
I tore the new blooms richly wrought,  
The roses, daisies, lilies white—  
Only the fairest flowers I sought!—  
I tore the blooms of Youth and cast  
Them on the red-stained earth to rot,  
The lilies and the daisies cast,  
The roses, the forget-me-not.

I cast them on the stainèd sod,  
The fairest flowers of earth, to rot,  
The saintly lilies, white as God,  
    The roses, the forget-me-not.  
I stripped the Garden of the World.  
    (Youth's dancing ceased, I saw Love flee)  
I trampled all the petals pearled,  
    The war has been a friend to me!  
The war has been a friend to me,  
    That gave me leave to chill the breath  
Of that first-sensed divinity  
    Called Youth, and fill the halls of Death.

## T A P S .

"..... killed in action. News of his death came in a letter from his closest friend, who was with him at the time, and who spoke glowingly of the way he died. The attack began on the front between the Argonne Forest and the Meuse River on September 26th. With his regiment, he..... Besides his wife and six-year-old son, his mother survives him."

—Extract from a Newspaper.



## *His Friend*

God what a death! Swift as flame,  
Life rushing full, the shining eyes  
Aglow with newly met surprise,  
Spurred with thought of early fame,  
In youth's first flush . . . he dies!

So late from young love's dear embrace,  
So late from kisses fresh as spring,  
Unwearied of that varied thing  
Called life, and resolute his face  
Toward all the years might bring.

Kindest of all, swift death you are:  
No thought of terrors to be met,  
No latent anguish of regret,  
But in a moment, life, a star,  
In all its glory set.

I think the bugles blew a strain  
That stirred his heart within his breast,  
And of a godly courage possessed,  
He died, of all the warrior slain,  
The bravest and the best.

Nor can I feel a sense of loss:  
All that I know is that he sped,  
By dreams and lofty visions led,  
To life's last trench and leapt across  
And startled all the dead.

The ghosts on whom death had crept slow  
Looked at the stranger with amaze;  
He came as one amused, who strays  
In countries that had much to show  
To his bewildered gaze.

Like one first in a novel place,  
He smiled at all the specters grim,  
Studied the strange scenes new to him,  
Turned puzzled eyes and curious face  
On vistas weirdly dim

Then all the silent shades went past,  
Till came the valorous brotherhood  
Of heroes dead, to rouse his mood  
And welcome him, and then, at last,  
Surprised, he understood.

So life ended; death was brave  
To him, and in my heart I know  
Could he choose living here below,  
Or that last leap beyond the grave,—  
That he would have it so.

## *His Wife Speaks . . . . .*

Never to see his face again,  
    Never to see his eyes aglow  
        With love for me, never to know  
His soothing voice to ease my pain  
    When old dreams torture so.

Never to wake from dreams afraid,  
    And find him guarding at my side,  
        And no strong bosom now to hide  
The saddened visage grief has made,  
    Where phantom joys abide.

Love, O my love, come back to me:  
    Many may death claim in your stead,  
        Many for whom life's charms are fled,  
Many whose hearts are weary to be  
    One with the vanished dead.

Love, you were brave, but what care I,  
    Since death your valor claims his own?  
        Will all your glory writ in stone,  
Ease my grim heart, relume my eye,  
    Or make me less alone?

Alone? and yet, not all alone;  
    Our son lives on, and in him, you,  
        Flesh of your flesh, and strong and true,  
In whom those traits you made your own  
    Their nobleness renew.

Last night I held him, searched his eyes,  
    And pressed his lips with kisses two:  
        (He is twice loved!) he never knew  
When so I held him and kissed twice,  
    That I was kissing you.

Love, O my love, come near, come near,  
    And press your lips upon your son,  
        That I may know, while he is one,  
And you are he, I need not fear  
    That life's great love is done.

Love, you were brave, and much I care!  
I am too weak, but I shall try,  
With days more easeful passing by,  
To match my soul with one so fair,  
That knew the way to die.

Love, O my love, but life is hard:  
The world goes on in field and mart,  
And you and I must move apart,  
But earth has not the greening sward  
To keep you from my heart.

## *And Thus, His Mother . . . . .*

With one, whose silver locks across  
The years have flown alternate  
Of joy and pain, and God or fate  
Has sent loss after aching loss,  
Grief's storms will soon abate.

I have not suffered more or less  
Than God's grave wisdom has designed  
His own to suffer, and I find  
In years more of a readiness  
To meet death thus resigned.

He was my son, and he has died:  
He meant to me all love could mean;  
Yet, shall you say I loved less keen,  
Because my deeper grief I hide,  
And show my heart serene?

There is a braver thing than tears,  
There is a greater thing than grief;  
Sorrow is long, and life so brief,  
I will not waste its little years  
Cherishing the belief

That my own sorrowing will heal  
The wound of parting with my young:  
Could he, beyond the veil late flung  
Between us, speak, his soul would feel  
'Twere better to have sung.

I wept for him, O bitterly,  
I wept for him, my heart was sore,  
And having found in tears before  
A certain thing that solaced me,  
I wept for him the more.

But that was when my grief was new,  
And death was strange and cut me deep;  
I, waking, wept, and wept asleep,  
Till fled years flashed themselves in view,  
And told me not to weep.

There is a greater thing than grief,  
And sorrow is by far too long;  
If many years have made me strong  
In faith, than I shall show my belief  
By sorrowing in song . . . .

A song to sing his little one  
Of how his father faced the grim  
Great war, and with life growing dim,  
Met death with every duty done . . . .  
And so remember him

As one far off who will rejoice,  
And feel the riches of repose  
When heavenward a singing goes,  
Sweet in the old endearing voice  
Of one, who, well he knows,

Will love him long as time will roll,  
And earthly kingdoms rise and fall,  
And hearts may vanished hearts recall,  
And life is life, and soul is soul,  
And love is love, and God is All.



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